

## TAZEWELL CO. DIRECTORY.

**Circuit Court.**  
Robert C. Jackson, judge; H. H. Harman, clerk. Terms of court—1st Monday in April, 4th Monday in August and 1st Monday in December.

**County Court.**  
J. H. Stuart, judge; T. E. George, clerk. Terms of court—Tuesday after 3rd Monday in each month.

**Officers.**  
Jno. T. Barnes, Com'th. Atty.  
Jno. W. Crockett, Sheriff.  
James Bandy, Deputy Sheriff.  
R. K. Gillespie, Treasurer.  
H. K. Brittain and  
H. G. McCall, Deputies.  
R. S. Williams, County Surveyor.  
R. S. Williams, Founding Mill, Va.  
P. H. Williams, County Supt. Schools.  
Address, Snapps, Va.

## THE CHURCHES.

**Methodist Episcopal Church South.**  
Public worship of God on the 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 A. M., on the 2nd and 4th at 7:30 P. M.  
Meeting for prayer, Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.  
P. M. Sabbath school at 9:30 A. M.  
Meeting of Epworth League each Sunday at 3 P. M., the third Sunday night of each month being devoted to literary work.  
A most cordial welcome is extended to all.  
J. S. FLEMING, Pastor.

**Christian Church.**  
Preaching 1st and 3rd Sundays at 7 P. M., and 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 A. M.  
Prayer meeting Saturday night at 7 o'clock.  
Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 A. M.  
PHILIP JOHNSON, Pastor.

**Rev. Mowbray's Appointments.**  
Preaching at Pleasant Hill Church 1st Sabbath in the month at 11 A. M.; and at White Church the same day at 3 P. M.  
Preaching the Third Sabbath at White Church 11 A. M.; in the afternoon at 3 o'clock at Pleasant Hill Church.

## SECRET ORDERS.

**CLINCH VALLEY COMMANDERY, NO. 29, KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.**  
Meets first Monday in each month.  
JAMES O'KEEFE, E. C.  
G. YOUNG, Recorder.

**O'KEEFE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, NO. 26.**  
Meets second Monday in each month.  
O. G. ENTSCHWILLER, H. P. W. G. YOUNG, Sec'y.

**TAZEWELL LODGE, NO. 62, A. F. & A. M.**  
Meets the third Monday in each month.  
O. G. ENTSCHWILLER, W. M. W. G. YOUNG, Sec'y.

**TAZEWELL TABERNACLE, PILGRIM KNIGHTS.**  
Meets 4th Monday in each month.  
JAMES O'KEEFE, Chief.  
W. G. YOUNG, Sec'y.

**BLUEGRASS LODGE, NO. 142, I. O. O. F.**  
Meets every Tuesday night. Lodge room over Post's store.  
C. A. STEELE, N. G.  
M. J. HANKINS, V. G.  
C. C. LONG, Sec'y.

**TAZEWELL ENCAMPMENT, NO. 17, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday night in hall of Bluegrass Lodge, No. 142.**  
W. D. BUCKNER, C. P.  
A. S. HIGGINBOTHAM, Scribe.  
A. W. LONDON, P. O. P.

**TAZEWELL LODGE NO. 100 K. O. F.**  
Meets every Thursday night in Odd Fellows Hall.  
R. M. STEELE, C. C.  
J. B. CRAWFORD, K. of R. & S.

**LAWYERS.**  
J. & S. D. MAY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county, and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

**CHAPMAN & GILLESPIE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va.** Practice in all the courts of Tazewell county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

**FULTON & COULLEN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va.** Practice in the courts of Tazewell county, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

**GREEVER & GILLESPIE, LAWYERS, Tazewell, Va.** Practice in the courts of Tazewell county, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

**GEORGE W. ST. CLAIR, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va.** Practice in the courts of Tazewell county, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

**H. C. ALDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va.** Practice in the courts of Tazewell county, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

**VINCENT L. SEXTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va.** Practice in the courts of Tazewell county, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

**W. B. SPRAIT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va.** Practice in the courts of Tazewell county, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

**J. H. STUART, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va.** Practice in the courts of Tazewell county, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

**HENRY & GRAHAM, LAWYERS, Tazewell, Va.** Practice in the courts of Tazewell county, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

**MRS. R. J. LEWIS,** Fashionable Milliner and Dress-maker, West Main Street, Tazewell, Va.

A full line of Millinery and Trimmings.

## His Vindication

EDGAR NEALE, the cynic, yawned, and Archie Douglas, the youngster, caught the infection. Then the occupants of the dining room followed suit in splendid style. Neale was generally considered too lazy even to yawn, so his action was on this dull November evening considered by his fellow clubmen to be of sufficient import to call for comment.

"You are getting too fat, Neale," ventured the cynic. "Try a motor-cycle. If your exercise won't reduce your ponderosity and cure you of yawns the novelty and effluvia mixed will."

Douglas did not this time follow his senior's lead, but joined in the conversation with:

"I did my best to save him from syncope through laziness by challenging him at billiards, till I found that the only vacant table was the one next to which that fellow Pemberton was playing. I don't care to play even in the same room with him. Why isn't he at home with his wife, instead of thrusting his company upon us?"

"My dear fellow, I am glad you were spared the double humiliation of defeat, and the witness thereof by the man you choose to dislike. I think, however, your remarks are at least unguarded. I know I surprise you, but I must tell you that you are unjust to him."

"O, but look at this ostentatious display of his filthy lucre!" blurted out the youngster. "If he can afford to subscribe \$1,000 to the West Indian relief fund, he need not make it so public. He has the bearing of a tradesman, and not that of a gentleman."

"So?" said Neale, rejoined the reputed cynic.

"Then, there is the case of poor Gus Darrell. It is common talk that Pemberton is responsible in some way or another for his downfall," persisted his resilient accuser. "Then, those diamonds that were lost—there is something very suspicious about that affair—"

"Ah! Diamonds! What would you say if I told you all about that mysterious problem?" queried Neale.

Every man within hearing jumped to his feet at this bomb thrown amongst them. Neale knew all about the diamonds stolen from the neck of the Ross family, and he was the only one in the presence of the donor—Horace V. Pemberton—the affianced husband. Here was the material to hand for a splendid yarn!

"Thought that would wake up the slumbers," laughed the cynic. "I won't disappoint you. Any man who will pledge his word not to repeat my story may follow Douglas and myself to the private room upstairs. Bring your whisky and soda and a good cigar, and I'll start you."

The late lamented Mr. Algernon Ross led to mourn his loss," said Neale, with a preparatory cough, "a widow with three children. The eldest, Muriel, who has lately married Douglas's friend Pemberton, is, as you know, a beautiful, accomplished woman. The two younger children are schoolboys named Sid and Bert. Two greater Tartars in one house I never met."

"This worthy and happy family lived in an old-fashioned house called 'The Homestead.' I have called the house old-fashioned, but internally it is not so now, for after a seasonable and reasonable period of mourning Mrs. Ross turned the old house inside out, and with the aid of art decorations and electric bells she succeeded in producing the most curious of curious anomalies—a new old house."

"So much for the house. The chief attraction in or around it was Muriel, her charms, and the comfortable little income in her own right, attracted suitors by the score; but there were never more than two in the race and those two were Pemberton and Gus Darrell."

"Darrell was the same age as Muriel, and they had been playmates together. He was a journalist of distinct ability and great promise; but promise is a very unsubstantial thing to live on in the present, and poor Gus suffered from a chronic shortage of funds."

"But it was not to be. Pemberton came, saw and conquered. The precise workings of the feminine heart and mind which made the choice of a man ten years her senior, and a reputed hard, unpolished business man to boot, I am not able to determine."

"I have heard that, when he came to display it, Pemberton can furnish a standard of conversation that would make any collector of subjects which you would pardon a man of letters being ignorant of. These accomplishments may furnish the secret of his success, or they may not—the fact remains that he became a devoted lover, and poor Gus had to witness the whole affair with as good a grace as he could muster."

"The first indication Muriel observed of Pemberton's wealth was a magnificent diamond pendant she received from him about a month after the betrothal ring, on her twenty-first birthday. The ring was simple, but good, but the pendant must have cost him nearly \$5,000."

"The Homestead was full of people every day and every evening after this. The news of the engagement and the fame of the jewels traveled to every usual acquaintance the Ross family had ever made, and the way layed claims to friendship were reworked was simply astounding."

"In the circumstances, Gus Darrell carried himself remarkably well. In a cellar which ran under the roadway he and the lads rigged up a scientific laboratory and playroom combined. He wrote scientific and other articles in the library, stayed to dinner and made Mrs. Ross an excellent partner at whist in the evening against a sure and certain loss."

"Packed off to bed again," grumbled Sid one night as they ascended to their bedroom.

"It's a beastly shame," assented Bert. "They are going to have dancing, too, to-night."

"Bert, I've a lovely revenge for you. I should like laughing to see it, but we mustn't. Sh!" and he whispered his plan.

"After they had turned out every light they could in the house except in the kitchen, where the three servants were, and in the drawing-room—to which, of course, they had no access—the young conspirators entered their room."

"Mrs. Ross, turning a deaf ear to Muriel's entreaties for a quiet evening, had persuaded every caller, invited or uninvited, to stay. A set of guests in full evening dress were in the hall, and in the drawing-room, the hostess, who had just as well surely with, and I shall be lonely enough."

"Pemberton was Muriel's partner. Her white neck showed off to perfection his gift, which she wore to please him. Darrell presided at the piano. They whirled past him just as Martin, the new manservant—who was butler-foot-

man or waiter as occasion demanded—was trying to dodge by with a cup of coffee for Mr. Ross.

"Suddenly all was darkness—the gas had gone out!"

Pemberton and his partner capized the pianist, who, in turn, upset poor Martin, coffee and all. Guests ran to the door, to find it locked on the outside. "Has no one a match?" shouted some dimly.

"Thus adjured, the startled gentlemen recollected they were in the habit of carrying such useful articles. Half-a-dozen were offered at once, and the gas, which was discovered to be still in full force, was relighted."

"It is evident from the two facts of the locked door and the gas being still in full force that the cause must be sought outside," said Pemberton.

"The turning of the key in the lock, the sound of retreating scampers on the stairs, and a burst of explosive laughter confirmed his theory. The two lads had tasted revenge by removing the burner from the gas-bracket in their bedroom, and blowing down the pipe with all their lung-power till the other lights in the house went out."

"Muriel's laughter at the boys' monkey-tuned to a wail as she caught sight of herself in the mirror. 'Horace, dear,' she said. 'Look! My diamonds are gone!'

"Gone!" he cried, impossible! You must have dropped them. They are in the room somewhere—they must be—I saw them myself as we were dancing!"

"A quarter of an hour's search revealed nothing. The carpet was turned back, the piano dissected, every article of furniture removed from its place, and yet all in vain."

"Gus Darrell whispered some query to Martin, who nodded emphatically in response."

"Mrs. Ross, Muriel, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am sure we are all deeply sorry for the untoward incident of which we are unwilling spectators. A lovely diamond pendant has been lost in this room within the last 20 minutes. No one has entered—no one has left the room. The windows are closed—the fire is burning in the grate; therefore, the pendant has not left the room either by door, window or fire grate, and there are no euphorbs in the room. On behalf of the guests and the one servant present I propose that Mr. Pemberton search the gentlemen and Mrs. Ross the ladies. I am, myself, willing to be the first searched."

"A murmur of assent went round the room. All were searched. Nothing was found that threw any light on the fate of the missing pendant."

"I am deeply obliged to you all—as I am sure Mrs. Ross and her daughter are also—for the readiness with which you have submitted to this unpleasant ordeal," said Pemberton. "We must smile at the whole affair now and write it down as an inseparable mystery. Diamonds are easily replaced, and I don't think that every one of the company can feel that no suspicion can possibly attach itself to them. I think the matter had better rest there."

"Now, my boys, I am getting dry. Another whisky and soda, please, before I finish the yarn," said Neale, as he relit his cigar.

Douglas chimed in with: "I'll finish it for you, if you are dry. I see it all; Pemberton took the pendant himself, after bribing the lads to blow the gas out. He was not searched, you will observe, gentlemen! I suppose he did it to prevent his having more enough to replace it with ease. Fugh! I hate snobbish ways."

"Douglas, my lad, I am glad to be forced to tell you this story to-night. If I had heard such a story when I was your age I should never have earned my 'type of cynic!' Now I'll finish, please."

"Pemberton stayed the right at the Homestead. He had his reasons, he said. Darrell begged hard to be allowed to keep him company, but Mrs. Ross listened to Pemberton and gently refused him."

"The plan that her future son-in-law propounded seemed to her very feasible. 'The only person we can now suspect is Martin,' said she, and I shall not allow him out of my sight till morning. If he has planned the jewels anywhere, some confederate will be here for them soon."

"It was arranged that the two men should sleep on the ground floor. Pemberton loaded his revolver, and lay down on a bed where he could watch Martin. Now, I have told you that the house was really an old-fashioned one, and the cellar underneath the roadway, which I have mentioned as used by the boys as a play room and workshop, is a perfect of it. This could be entered either by the cellar flap or from the door, which was easily reached by dropping over the railings above. This was the point which Pemberton imagined would be the intruder would choose."

"He was not mistaken. About four in the morning he was startled from a light doze by a loud report, which shook the foundations of the house and broke a dozen windows. Rushing to the spot, he saw that the cellar was wrecked."

"When the gas had been blown out in the house the two jets in the cellar had been extinguished also. They were overlooked in the relighting—the place had been filled for six hours with gas, and had entered the cellar, had struck a match and wrecked the place."

"By the light of a lantern Pemberton saw the burned and bruised and senseless body of a man, with a small black mask over his eyes—and by his side the diamond pendant."

"I live but 100 yards away from the Homestead," continued Neale. "I heard the explosion, and, hurriedly dressing, rushed down stairs. Opening the front door, and preparing to rush off, I met Pemberton, carrying in his arms a burden. His burden was Gus Darrell!"

"Impossible!"

"Yes, gentlemen, the truth is told at last! Gus Darrell stole the pendant. Gus Darrell has left a sacred charge with me that I tell the truth to every man who says a word against Pemberton. Read here his letter from Australia, whether he has gone assisted by his generous rival. To any man Pemberton's goodness of Horace V. Pemberton."

"I Augustus Darrell, hereby declare that I stole the pendant from the neck of Miss Muriel Ross in the drawing-room of the Homestead. With noble generosity, Mr. Pemberton has spared me the pain of telling with my lips the painful story."

"I loved Miss Ross. I hated Pemberton. I was in debt. He was rich. When the boys put the room in darkness Miss Ross came quite close to me. In an instant the diamonds were in my hands. She had recently supplanted the ordinary bell by electric bells. The lads and I had rigged up in the space occupied by the old bell handle near the piano a speaking tube to our cellar workshop."

"Thus, within 30 seconds of the extinction of the gas, I had safely sent the jewels down the pipe. When I entered the cellar in the middle of the night my excitement completely upset my nerves, and I should have detected that the plan was full of gas. I struck a match and remember no more till I

awoke with Mr. Pemberton and Mr. Neale standing over me."

"Gus Darrell."

"I shall go at once and apologize to Pemberton," cried impulsive Douglas.

"I fear I have not cured your rash thoughtlessness yet, young man, however much I may have increased your stock of charitable feelings. Do you forget that this story is in the strictest confidence?" Mrs. Darrell, Mrs. Ross and Mrs. H. V. Pemberton implicitly believe that Gus was called away that very night to fulfill a journalistic mission in Australia, and nothing will be known by them of the part he enacted in the play that was so nearly a tragedy. Good night. Anyone coming my way?"—Pearson's Weekly.

## A NOISY BOX.

The Strange Effect Produced Upon Guinea Natives by a Boxed Piano.

Like children, savages in all parts of the world are possessed of eternal curiosity. Mr. H. Cayley-Webster, a well-known English traveler, gives an amusing instance of this trait among the natives of New Guinea.

One day a piano arrived for his excellency the governor, and some natives were told to carry the strange-looking case from the beach to the house. After going a few yards one stumbled, causing one end of the crate to strike the ground, and, ever on the alert for strange noises, their ears were immediately pressed against it, and they listened until the "ting" of the wires had died away.

Again, after a yard or two, a similar mishap occurred. Again many ears were listening to the sound so foreign to them, until a native more knowing than the rest, with a heave raised the whole case a few inches from the ground and let it go.

The noise which issued from the inside had by this time worked them up to such a frenzy that they one and all seized upon the case, rolled it over and over, and danced with joy at the strange sounds which came forth. And it was not until this odd performance had been repeated three times that the eye of an official was attracted by the shouts and yells of the natives; not, however, before much damage had been done and many strings broken.

The natives who speak English have now come to call the piano "box belong cry," and generally add:

"Whitney man, he fight, him belong hand. Box, he cry out too much."—Youth's Companion.

**How the Story Was Saved.**  
Justin McCarthy recalls a certain dinner party in London, at which were present Chauncey Depew and another American, a traveling man from the far west, who unhappily was the person who undertook to tell the longest story of the evening. It was an interminable series of adventures through which the story-teller passed in early youth. Mounted upon his peerless mung, "Lightning Jack," he had galloped at midnight, along a rocky trail through a perilous country, where to escape from a bear was to run into a tomahawk. The narrative was fast growing intolerable, when the speaker reached his climax and exclaimed, with dramatic solemnity: "I dismounted."

"At a suggestion from Lightning Jack," interposed Mr. Depew, quick as a flash.

"At the story caught the audience, after all.—Youth's Companion.

**DOUBLE-FACED CHINAMAN.**  
The Story-Teller Says the Second Yarn Was Grafted on to the Back of His Head.

"It occurred several years ago—nearly 20—and it beat the Cardiff Giant all hollow. Some showmen got a Chinaman, shaved the back of his head from the crown to the nape of the neck and then grafted the face of another man on it. The result was a double-faced Chinaman, and a harvest of coin for those who worked the trick. The freak was exhibited over England and—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted a bystander, who, according to the Philadelphia Inquirer, had overheard the little tale. "Where did the second face come from?"

The relator of the tale looked at his interlocutor with scorn. "This 'Where did it come from?' he replied. 'Why, from another Chinaman, of course. I didn't mean to say that the grafting process was successful enough to preserve the movements of the eyes and lips and all that sort of thing, but it was successful enough to—'

"Entire you to this," put in the doubting one. "Take me and see of receiving the best of the house affords."

"This proved to be a card bearing the address of a Race street opium parlor."

"Be sure, that your pill is well cooked," added the doubting one, "for a green one might make you tell an even worse yarn than the double-faced Chinaman. Good-by."

And he was gone before the other man could get the empty beer mug he reached for.

**TREE CULTURE IN GERMANY.**  
It Is Regarded as One of the Most Priced Occupations of the People.

While congress and the several state legislatures have for years been flooded with petitions and proposed laws for the preservation of the forest trees of the country, nearly all of them more or less defective, the people of Germany have solved the problem with very little ado. Germany is an old country. Centuries ago what we might call its virgin forests were established, and the country found itself with a dense population dependent on a limited area of land to supply its needs for wood material. What should they do? Should they stint their use in this direction to a negligible amount? Should they call on the stock of newer countries for their supply? They did neither of these things. They went to work to develop the resources and capabilities of their own lands.

The states and the cities supported the work. Scientists labored and managers experimented. Forest schools were established to spread through the land the knowledge that had been gained. Finally they piled up a mass of exact information about trees and everything related to their life, and established a system of forest management that is one of the finest monuments of the thoroughness, the conservatism and the patience of the German race. And today the forest stands as one of the prime objects of the people's regard, a source of health, wealth and national independence.

**Heavenly Financiering.**  
Mrs. Upperton—No, Albert; we cannot take our money to Heaven with us. Albert Edward—Certainly not, mamma; that would be decidedly vulgar. I suppose a letter of credit from the archbishop would be about the proper thing.—Judge.

## How old she Looks

Poor clothes cannot make you look old. Even pale cheeks won't do it. Your household cares may be heavy and disappointments may be deep, but they cannot make you look old.

One thing does it and never fails. It is impossible to look young with the color of seventy years in your hair.

## Ager's Hair Vigor

permanently postpones the tell-tale signs of age. Used according to directions it gradually brings back the color of youth. If fifty years of hair may look as it did at fifteen. It thickens the hair also; stops it from falling out; and cleanses the scalp from dandruff. Send for our book on the Hair and its Diseases?

**The Best Advice Free.**  
If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of Ager's Hair Vigor, write the doctor again. It probably there is some difficulty with your system, which may be easily removed. Address, Dr. J. C. AGER, Lowell, Mass.

## HER MOTHER'S STOCKINGS.

The Bride Thought of Them at Every Step During Her Marriage.

A good story is being whispered around about one of the beautiful brides of the other week. She was married in a big church with the usual accompaniments of flowers and 'pretty bridesmaids. Everyone remarked how perfectly beautiful the bride looked as she walked up the aisle on the arm of her father to meet the bridegroom waiting at the altar.

After the wedding breakfast, and just as the bride was preparing to start for the depot to catch the afternoon train for her honeymoon, an old school friend of her mother came to her, kissed her on both cheeks, and said:

"My dear child, you were the most perfectly lovely bride that I have seen this winter! As you walked up the aisle to meet the man who was so soon to be your husband, everyone could see from the half-frightened yet trusting look upon your face and the firm yet tender smile about your mouth that you were thinking of the serious importance of the step that you were taking. Your very look seemed to say: 'I am leaving my girlhood behind me and going forth upon an untired sea, but so great is my trust in him whom I have chosen that I step forward without fear and in perfect confidence.' Tell me, my dear, just what the thoughts were which brought that lovely expression upon your face this morning."

"Very well, I will tell you," said the bride, "exactly what my thoughts were as I walked up the aisle. My mother, who, as you know, is a much smaller woman than I am, for some sentimental reason insisted upon my wearing at the altar the very slitten hose in which she was married to my father 20 years ago. They were so tight for me that at each step I kept repeating to myself: 'This time the will surely split! This time they will surely split! And when I reached the altar without accident I was so relieved that I probably did wear the look of bliss which everybody mentioned.'—Washington Times.

**His Preference.**  
Storekeeper—What kind of chewing-gum do you want, my little boy? We have peppermint, sassafras, wintergreen, blue, heliotrope and attar of roses!

Small Boy—Wal, gimme lilac! I want some kind dat'll look like plug-tobaccoer juice when yer spits!—Puck.

**THE MAD BARBER.**  
They Were All Shaved by Him Very Neatly and Without a Scratch.

There were five of us hunting and fishing in the Queensland bush, when one rainy day a stranger appeared, says a writer in Public Opinion. He said he was a tramp barber; and as none of us had been shaved for a fortnight, we gave him half a day's work. About four hours after he had left us a band of six men rode up, and the leader inquired if we had seen a tall, rascally-looking man pass that way. We told him of the barber, and he looked from man to man and exclaimed: "Good gracious, but you are all freshly shaved!" "Yes, we gave the barber a job," "And he shaved everyone of you?" "He did, and it well," "Boys, do you hear that?" shouted the man, as he turned to his companions. "What if it?" asked one of our party. "Why, he went mad yesterday, and killed a man in a barber's shop, and he's after him now. They rode away at a gallop and next morning returned to our camp with the man, who had been captured after a hard fight, and was tied on his horse. He seemed to remember us when he was given a drink of water; and as he handed the cup back he quietly remarked: 'I say, gentlemen, please excuse me. I meant to finish off the last man I shaved, but I got thinking of something else and it slipped my mind.'"

**Eastern Electric Bonds.**  
New York and Boston are almost united by electric railroads. Only a few short gaps remain to be closed in order to make a continuous trip from one city to the other possible without using any other form of conveyance than trolley cars.

**Expensive Peace.**  
Almost every nation, with the exception of the United States and Great Britain, is overtaxed to meet the expenses of maintaining its army and navy. France runs behind to the amount of \$1,000,000,000. Austria has an annual deficit of \$30,000,000. Russia of \$3,000,000 and Italy of \$20,000,000.

**The Ice-man.**  
Gyer—There goes a man who lives on nothing but water the year round. Myer—Pshaw! That's impossible. "Oh, no, it isn't." You see he gathers it in winter and sells it in summer!—Chicago Evening News.

## RAISE GOOD HOGS.

Well-Bred Rangy Animals Are the Most Ready Sellers and Bring the Best Prices.

If a person who knows anything at all about hog feeding was given a chance between a hog that would gain 25 pounds in six weeks and one that would gain 90 pounds in the same time on the same feed, he would not be long in choosing. During the past ten months the Kansas experiment station has fed 190 hogs that were bought of the farmers in the vicinity of Manhattan without regard to breed or breeding, just as they were, thrifty and weighing in the neighborhood of 100 or 125 pounds. This class of hogs is used because those experiments are for the highest benefit of the farmers, and by taking the stock they raise we stay within their conditions. A few conclusions may be drawn from the following facts taken from observations of feeding 80 head of hogs which were just finished. These hogs were nearer of the same age than size, and ranged from the long, big-boned bacon hog, to the short-boned chuck, according to the care or carelessness of the farmer who raised them. First, as to point of gain: The comparisons are between hogs fed the same in every respect. The best and poorest five out of twenty have the following showing: Best five, weight at beginning of test 596 pounds, gain 416 pounds, 70 per cent; poorest five, weight at beginning of test 579 pounds, gain 235 pounds, 40 per cent. This was for a period of 42 days, and from observations made from week to week, this difference of gain from a little over one pound to practically two pounds a day was largely due to the breeding. A short, small-boned chuck will make good gains for a few weeks and then stop. It will be fat and ready for market, while a well-bred rangy hog will fatten and continue to grow and make good gains for a much longer period. Then as to the demand of the market. The three-rail shoulder is now one of the most profitable cuts that is made for export trade. Hogs from which these cuts are made must be large and muscular, long and rangy. The short, small-boned chuck will not answer the purpose. The bacon hog is also of the latter description and brings the best price on the markets. Well-bred rangy hogs make the most profitable gains, are the most ready sale and bring the best price on the market.—J. G. Haney, in Prairie Farmer.

**OUT-OF-DOOR FEEDING.**  
Description of a Trough That Is Sure to Keep the Hogs from Crowding Each Other.

Where several hogs are quartered in an orchard or other pasture they must be fed out-of-doors. To keep each one from crowding and fighting his neighbor when eating, make such a trough as

is shown in the illustration. The bottom part of a barrel is sawed off and two narrow strips of board are fitted together and nailed firmly into